

This Is More Than Love

by theatrics

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Summary: HAIRSPRAY 2007. She wanted nothing more than to trust him, however long it took. FenderTammy. Oneshot.

This Is More Than Love

**\*\*Kelsey Rose\*\***: Fender and Tammy? WHAAAATTTT? Yep, you heard right. :) This is actually based off the 2007 movie musical with inspiration from the Broadway show, seeing as how you can actually see more of these two together there.

**\*\*Disclaimer\*\***: I do not own Hairspray. Nooooope.

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><p><strong>Oneshot<strong>:

\_This Is More Than Love\_

It was the second show after the Corny Collins Council had been officially integrated, and things were running far more smoothly than anyone could have imagined. All of the kids seemed to be happy, and new friendships and relationships were budding and spreading like wildfire. Tammy, being one for meeting new people, had begun to bond with almost every new member to the Council. Still, there would always be that ever-present drama amidst the boys and girls here.

"Tammy!" The call had the brunette's attention on the dime as she turned from her finished conversation with one of the new colored boys on the show. Tammy smiled brightly to her approaching friend.

"Hey, Shelley! What's up?" Shelley had this very cat-like poise about her, and even though the girl was clearly excited, it was easily masked by that almost sophisticated grin of hers.

"You're coming to the hop tonight, right?" She asked, her arms crossing loosely over her chest as she studied her friend. For once, the cushioning feeling of her padding was nonexistent. Let's just say that she had finally learned from past mishaps.

"\_Of course\_," Tammy scoffed playfully and propped the back of her hand against one of her hips. "And why wouldn't I?" That was when Shelley's face fell ever so slightly. Tammy was instantly thrown back.

"The girls and I just thought, wellâ€¦" That was something to worry about, when someone as haughty as Shelley began to openly pity you. "â€¦since you and Fender are calling it quits and all," She gestured freely with one of her hands, even while they remained crossed over her chest.

Tammy's eyes widened significantly. 'Calling it quits?' What did \_that\_ mean? Fender and she had been going steady for nearly a year now, however rocky the relationship had been and still was.

"Last I checked, Fender and I were still toge-

"It's okay, sweetie. I know how hard it must be for you," Shelley frowned vaguely and reached out to gently touch her friend on the arm, for comfort's sake. "There are plenty more fish in the sea! Those," She glanced around sharply, and lowered her voice to a scathing whisper. "\_not\_ of color, especially."

"Shelley." Tammy breathed, exasperated.

"What?" She snapped, combing a few fingers through her coarse locks of reddish hair. "You know it's the truth, Tammy."

"Whatever you say," She sighed, her fingernails scratching softly against the skin of her own arms as she thought to herself. Part of her didn't want to question why Shelley and the others apparently thought that Fender and she were through. They weren't. At leastâ€¦ on Tammy's part.

Catching Shelley's awkwardly curious stare, she blinked her eyes once and then tactfully stepped aside, a placid smile on her face.

"Anywayâ€¦ I'll be there," \_with Fender. \_She wanted to push that last part so badly, but she contained herself, hardly stumbling from the weight on her shoulders.

"Good to hear, girl!" Shelley chirped with false appreciation, a characteristic that Tammy had come to embrace about who she assumed to be her best friend. "Your perfect man's out there just wanting to be snatched up!" She giggled deviously and waggled one or two fingers. "See you there, then." On that note, she was gone, completely vanishing amongst the tight knit group of teenagers standing around.

Tammy was left with an immense sum of worries and uncertainties. She had felt so good and even concrete about her and Fender's relationship, but this sudden and jagged veer had turned her in the opposite direction. She wanted nothing more than to be able to trust him, and to have his trust in return. In any case, there had been

quite a few opportunities for her to be unfaithful. The new colored boys on the Council had really caught her eye. But, that wasn't like her. She was, more or less, monogamous -- or, as monogamous as teenagers got these days, anyhow. Tammy wasn't one to skip around the block like others she knew.

After stopping by her specific dressing table and peeking into the mirror briefly, she gathered her things and prepared to leave for the afternoon.

Several goodbyes flew between her and a couple of other girls and boys as they passed, some acting more sympathetic to her than others. She gave Shelley all of the credit for that, and thought nothing more of it.

Eventually, though, her farewells fizzled down to a wave or two, and she then promptly found herself walking happily to where she and Fender had always waited for one another. Her heartbeat picked up speed as she grasped her schoolbooks excitedly to her chest, her pale eyes vivid with pleasure.

Regardless of all of that, absolutely nothing could have prepared her for what she was about to be forced to witness.

As many of the original kids on The Corny Collins Show had expected, a certain girl's "leave of absence" didn't automatically constitute that she was going to stop visiting the studio and, more appropriately, the boys in it. And, like the snake she tended to be, Brenda knew precisely how to wear out her welcome in the worst of ways.

Having nearly lost her grip on her textbooks, Tammy stared on painfully as Fender and Brenda giggled to themselves and let their hands wander shamelessly, as though no one were even watching.

Torn between rage, frustration, and complete denial of the truth, she bit down extremely hard on her lip, taking no notice of exactly how hard she was actually doing so. Like a pro, Brenda just threw salt on the wound by glancing over Fender's shoulder to sneer and flaunt a snooty victory to the on-looking victim. She was absolutely unbelievable.

The brunette rounded about only to end up face-to-face with one of the newer dancers on the show, a dark-skinned boy named Tyrone. He was staring at her with a fair amount of concern.

"Oh," The left side of her lips twitched upward into what appeared to be a small smile. "Sorry about that, Ty," She said simply, nodding once before attempting to move past him and then onward.

"Hey, Tammy, babe," He let her pass, but immediately pursued her. They had always been acquaintances, even if in secret, but after the show was integrated, they had become much closer. "You all right?"

"Yeah," She mumbled, still walking at a very quick, yet uneven pace towards the stage door of the studio.

"Funny," He rolled his eyes good-naturedly and followed after her still. "Don't seem like it."

Just as she was about to swing the door open, she stopped and looked over her shoulder at him.

"Just something on my mind is all," She shrugged, and forced a smile. "The hop, mainly. Areâ€| you going?" Tammy asked delicately, her hand still holding the door open, with no intention to walk out just yet.

"No doubt," He winked and both of them chuckled to themselves. Having been a witness to the scene that left his friend so devastatingly scattered, the boy knew exactly what was up. "Does this princess need an escort, or what?" He wondered carefully, moving to hold the door open for her with a smile.

A quiet sigh of relief washed over her. That was exactly what she needed, anything to keep her from thinking of Fender, or of how Shelley had unknowingly revealed what she had suspected and even witnessed so many times before.

Tammy had given everything to him, and to find out something like this was just an all-around, severe slap to the face. Regrets or no regrets, when your guy began to fool around with someone as recurrent and people-friendly as Brenda, any girl knew that something wasn't right with them. Tammy pretty much took the bulk of the blame herself, seeing as how many, many reasons seemed to come to mind.

"Tammy?"

Just as she was about to blindly accept Ty's offer, she felt arms snaking coldly around her waist, followed by the steady flow of hot breath against her left ear. She shivered and unintentionally fashioned a detached smile on her lips.

"Hey, Fender," She cooed as she always did, her hands slipping over his.

"Hey, my darlin'," He smirked, regarding Tyrone with a hurried, insincere nod. "Ready for me to walk you home?" Those words struck her like an arrow straight through her heart. She looked up to her other friend, her eyes glazed with a heavy layer of unspoken apologies. To do to him what Fender had done to her so many times was a ridiculously difficult resolution to come by.

"You bet," She replied with false sincerity, her hand then rising up to wave a single goodbye to Tyrone. He could only nod, barely understanding her decision, but accepting it nonetheless.

The couple then left out the stage door, neither feeling genuine about the walk, even while their outward expressions betrayed any of that. Tammy knew she couldn't take much more of this tug-o-war with Brenda. She loved Fender, more than any other boy she had ever been with, but even she knew that this wasn't the last time this was bound to happen.

Then again, she was the only one (or so she had thoughtlessly fooled herself into thinking) who knew that it wasn't the first time, either.

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